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#1
WALTZ
JONES
SPICER
SILENT HILL
DOWNPOUR
ANNE'S STORY

SILENT HILL DOWNPOUR

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In the video game SILENT HILL DOWNPOUR, players were introduced to Murphy Pendleton, a prisoner who finds himself trapped within the fog-shrouded confines of Silent Hill when the prison bus he's riding aboard crashes. On the run and desperately seeking escape from the haunted town, Murphy is ardently pursued by a mysterious corrections officer named Anne Marie Cunningham. Murphy and Anne seem to share a dark past, though Murphy is uncertain what exactly that may be. But Anne is fully aware of the twisted and terrifying events that bind the two together. Here, at last, is her story...

Based on a story by Tomm Hulett, Devin Shatsky, Brian Gomez and Tom Waltz

Special thanks to Michael Rajna, Ajay Vidure, and John Choon for their invaluable assistance.

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IDW founded by Ted Adams, Alex Garner, Kris Oprisko, and Robbie Robbins

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NOW.
LOSING IT.
POLICE
CAN'T...
CAN'T HOLD ON.
NOTHING LEFT NOW...

...BUT TO LET GO.

BEFORE.
ALL RIGHT—HERE WE ARE...
...GUY RUNS THE TRANSFERS HERE'S NAMED SEWELL.
I KNOW HIS NAME.
HEY, I WAS JUST TRYIN' TO HELP. YOU DON'T GOTTA A BE BITCH ABOUT IT, CUNNINGHAM.
I DON'T NEED HELP. JUST SHUT UP AND KEEP THE MOTOR RUNNING, KOONTS...
...THIS WON'T TAKE LONG.
ALL YOURS NOW, SUGAR.
PENDLETON?
DAMMIT.
THIS IS STUPID. I'LL MEET YOU BACK DOWN AT THE BUS, OKAY?
YOU'RE GONNA GET YOURSELF KILLED.
SHUT UP!
KEEP YOUR GODDAMN HANDS WHERE I CAN SEE THEM!
GYAAAAAH!

HANG ON!
I'M SLIPPING...
DON'T LET GO.
S 273A
AAAAHHHH!!
NO!
WH-WHERE...?
IS THAT...?
OHSHIT OHSHIT OHSHIT!

NOT... NOT MINE.
THE BLOOD'S NOT ALL MINE.
THEN... WHO?
SHIT.
KOONTS.
THE BUS DRIVER.
DEAD.
POOR BASTARD.

DAMMIT, KOONTS. YOU HAD ONE JOB—DRIVE. JUST DRIVE.
HOW THE HELL'D YOU FUCK THAT UP SO BADLY?
HEY, I WAS JUST TRYIN' TO HELP...
WHAT THE FUCK?!
...YOU DON'T GOTTA BE A BITCH ABOUT IT, CUNNINGHAM.
NO... STOP. PLEASE, N—
ALWAYS SUCH A BITCH, AIN'T YA? A GODDAMN, DIRTY BITCH...
STOP!
WHA?

DAMN. MUST'VE HIT MY HEAD HARDER THAN I THOUGHT.
SEEING...
...THINGS.
WILLIS? THAT YOU? IT'S CUNNINGHAM.
WILLIS!
DEVIL'S PIT ENTRANCE
KOONTS DIDN'T MAKE IT, WILLIS. HE'S DEAD.
NOT SURE ABOUT THE PRISONERS... EXCEPT PENDLETON. I SAW HIM—ASSHOLE'S OUT OF HIS CUFFS. HE'S... HE'S FUCKING FREE, WILLIS.
WE HAVE TO GET HIM, DO YOU HEAR ME? WE CAN'T LET THAT SONOFABITCH GET AWAY.
WILLIS?

WILLIS, WHERE'D YOU GO?
DARK.
TOO FUCKING DARK.
WHAT THE HELL?
CLIK
NO... IT CAN'T BE.
DADDY?
F COLERIDGE
"SOMEDAY I'M GONNA HAVE A NAME BUTTON ON MY SHIRT JUST LIKE THAT..."

...WON'T I, DADDY?
WELL, THEY'RE ACTUALLY CALLED NAMETAGS, KIDDO. AND, YEP, I'LL BET YOU'LL HAVE YOUR VERY OWN SOMEDAY—HOPEFULLY ON YOUR DOCTOR'S UNIFORM.
NUH-UH... I'M NOT GONNA BE A DOCTOR.
I'M GONNA BE A JAIL POLICEMAN JUST LIKE YOU, DADDY.
OH, LORD... IF YOUR MOTHER WAS STILL ALIVE TO SEE WHAT I'VE CREATED.
SO YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY SURE YOU WANT TO BE A CORRECTIONS OFFICER LIKE YOUR OLD MAN, HUH?
AND WHY'S THAT, ANNIE?
'CAUSE I WANNA BEAT UP THE BAD GUYS EVERYDAY JUST LIKE YOU DO.
POW!
WELL, KIDDO, HATE TO BREAK IT TO YOU, BUT MY JOB REALLY ISN'T ABOUT BEATING UP BAD GUYS—IT'S MOSTLY ABOUT BABYSITTING THEM.
BESIDES, IF I'M DOING MY JOB RIGHT, GUESS WHAT A LOT OF THOSE BAD GUYS REALLY ARE.
WHAT, DADDY?
THEY'RE REALLY JUST GOOD GUYS WAITING TO HAPPEN...

"...NEVER FORGET THAT, ANNIE."
THUDD
WILLIS?
THUDD
THAT OPENING... WASN'T THERE BEFORE.
WHAT IS THIS PLACE?
AND THAT SOUND... WHAT—
THUDD
SHHHHH
BLOOD!
NO!
NO!

WHA—?
THIS IS STUPID.
THUDD THUDD THUDD
IS THAT...?
YOU'RE GONNA GET YOURSELF KILLED.
WHOMP
PENDLETON!
YOU'RE DEAD!
I'M GONNA KILL YOU, PENDLETON!
WHAT YOU TALKIN' BOUT, YOU PSYCHO-ASS BITCH?
NAME'S GATES.
FREDDIE FUCKIN' GATES.
AIN'T NO DAMN PENDLETON HERE.
GATES. ONE OF THE OTHER TRANSFERS.

BUT YOU... I SAW...
SHOULDA DONE ME WHEN YOU HAD THE CHANCE, GIRL.
NOW YOU GONNA BE DEAD AS YOUR BOY HERE.
IT'S NOT HIM... NOT MY FATHER.
WILLIS?
CLICK
NOT NO MORE. HE GONE, BABY... ALL GONE.
JUST LIKE Y—
RRAARGH!
GYAAAHH!

GLRCK CHMPP
MY GOD...
...NO.
TOO MANY...
GRAACH!
NO!
THERE'S TOO DAMN MANY OF THEM.
BLAM
MISS!
MISS, OVER HERE! COME WITH ME!
I CAN GET YOU *OUTTA* HERE!

WHO...?
THE NAME'S JP.
JP SATER.
I RUN THE TRAIN.
WE'VE GOTTA GO FASTER! THOSE... THINGS! THEY'RE COMING!
OH, THEM? DON'T WORRY 'BOUT THEM, MISS. I KNOW THEY LOOK SCARY...
...BUT SOMETIMES YOU JUST CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT YOU SEE.
CHEERS.

CHRIST. WHAT... WHAT THE HELL *IS* THIS PLACE?
HEH. I THINK THAT'S WHAT THEM *FANCY WRITERS* MIGHT CALL A *RHETORICAL* QUESTION.
SPEAKIN' OF WRITERS, YOU LIKE TO READ THE *NEWSPAPERS*, MISS CUNNINGHAM?
HOW DO YOU *KNOW* MY NAME?
READ IT ON YOUR NAMETAG. UNLESS, OF COURSE, IT AIN'T *REALLY* YOUR NAME.
'CAUSE, YOU KNOW, SO MUCH OF WHAT WE READ THESE DAYS *AIN'T* TRUE.
SO MANY *LIES*... SO MANY *LIARS*.
A PERSON JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT TO BELIEVE ANYMORE.
WHAT ARE YOU—
Train accident at Devil's Pit
causes death of 8 children
EIGHT CHILDREN...
YOU *KILLED* THEM.
LIES.

LIES?! ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME?
IT WAS AN ACCIDENT. THAT'S ALL.
THE ARTICLE SAID YOU WERE DRUNK, ASSHOLE. THAT'S NO ACCIDENT.
I KNOW WHAT THE PAPER SAYS, BUT THEY WEREN'T THERE—NONE OF 'EM. THEY JUST WROTE ABOUT ALL THE LIES THEY WERE TOLD. THEY DIDN'T SEE WHAT REALLY HAPPENED.
COME TO THINK OF IT, NEITHER WERE YOU, SO WHO MADE YOU JUDGE AND JURY OF THE WORLD, HUH?
YOU'RE GONNA SIT THERE AND DENY IT? REALLY? I JUST SAW YOU DRINKING WITH MY OWN EYES!
DID YOU?
ARE YOU SURE?
YOU'RE A FUCKING JUNKIE, TOO?
ACTUALLY, THAT AIN'T HOW MY DOC DESCRIBES IT, BUT MAYBE HE'S A LIAR, TOO.
STOP THIS GODDAMN TRAIN, SHITHEAD. NOW.
I WISH I COULD, MISS CUNNINGHAM... I SURELY DO.

BUT THE LITTLE ONES WON'T *LET* ME.
ANOTHER RIDE, JP...
...PLEASE TAKE US FOR ANOTHER RIDE.

NO!
GET AWAY!
NO USE FIGHTIN' 'EM, MISS. THEY WON'T STOP.
ANOTHER RIDE...
STAY BACK, DAMMIT!
YEP, JUST LIKE A REALLY BAD MEMORY YOU CAN'T SEEM TO SHAKE...
BLAM
"...THEY KEEP COMIN' BACK FOR MORE AND MORE."
JUST ONE MORE...
THEY DON'T QUIT—JUST KEEP CLAWIN' AND DIGGIN' AT YOU UNTIL YOU GOT NOTHIN' LEFT TO FIGHT 'EM OFF WITH.
NOTHIN' LEFT TO GIVE.
IT'S ENOUGH TO DRIVE A PERSON TO DRINK, YOU KNOW?
NOT THAT IT HELPS ANY.
THE PAST KEEPS EATIN' AWAY AT YOU, DAY AFTER GODDAMN DAY.
ONE MORE...
NO HAPPY DAYS WAITIN' FOR FOLKS LIKE US. JUST ONE MORE SCARY RIDE...

"...INTO DARKNESS."
ANNE?
ANNE... WAKE UP.
SOMETHING'S HAPPENED.
WHA... WHAT HAPPENED, MARK? I OVERSLEEP?
NO... NO, YOU'RE OKAY. IT'S... IT'S YOUR DAD, HON.
THERE WAS A RIOT AT RYALL STATE TONIGHT.
A RIOT?! IS HE OKAY?
I... I GOT THE CALL JUST BEFORE MY SHIFT ENDED. PRETTY BAD DUST-UP OVER THERE. REAL BIG MESS.
THEY WANTED US GUYS AT WAYSIDE ON STAND-BY TO ASSIST JUST IN CASE—IT WAS THAT BIG.
DAMMIT, MARK! IS MY DAD OKAY?!
HE... THEY FOUND HIM IN THE SHOWERS, ANNE. ONE OF THE INMATES BEAT HIM UP SO BAD THEY HAD TO LIFE FLIGHT HIM OUT OF THERE. HE'S AT THE HOSPITAL NOW. THEY...
...THEY DON'T KNOW IF HE'S GONNA MAKE IT.
OH, GOD, MARK... NO.

EXIT
NO!
THE KIDS... THAT CRAZY DRUNK...
GONE.
OH, DADDY.
"WHO DID IT, MARK? WHO HURT MY DAD?"
"THEY'VE GOT THE GUY IN CUSTODY. ONE OF THE C.O.S CAUGHT HIM RED-HANDED."
COLERIDGE
"HIS NAME. DID THEY TELL YOU HIS FUCKING NAME?"
"YEAH—THEY TOLD ME. IT'S..."
PENDLETON.
TO BE CONTINUED.